

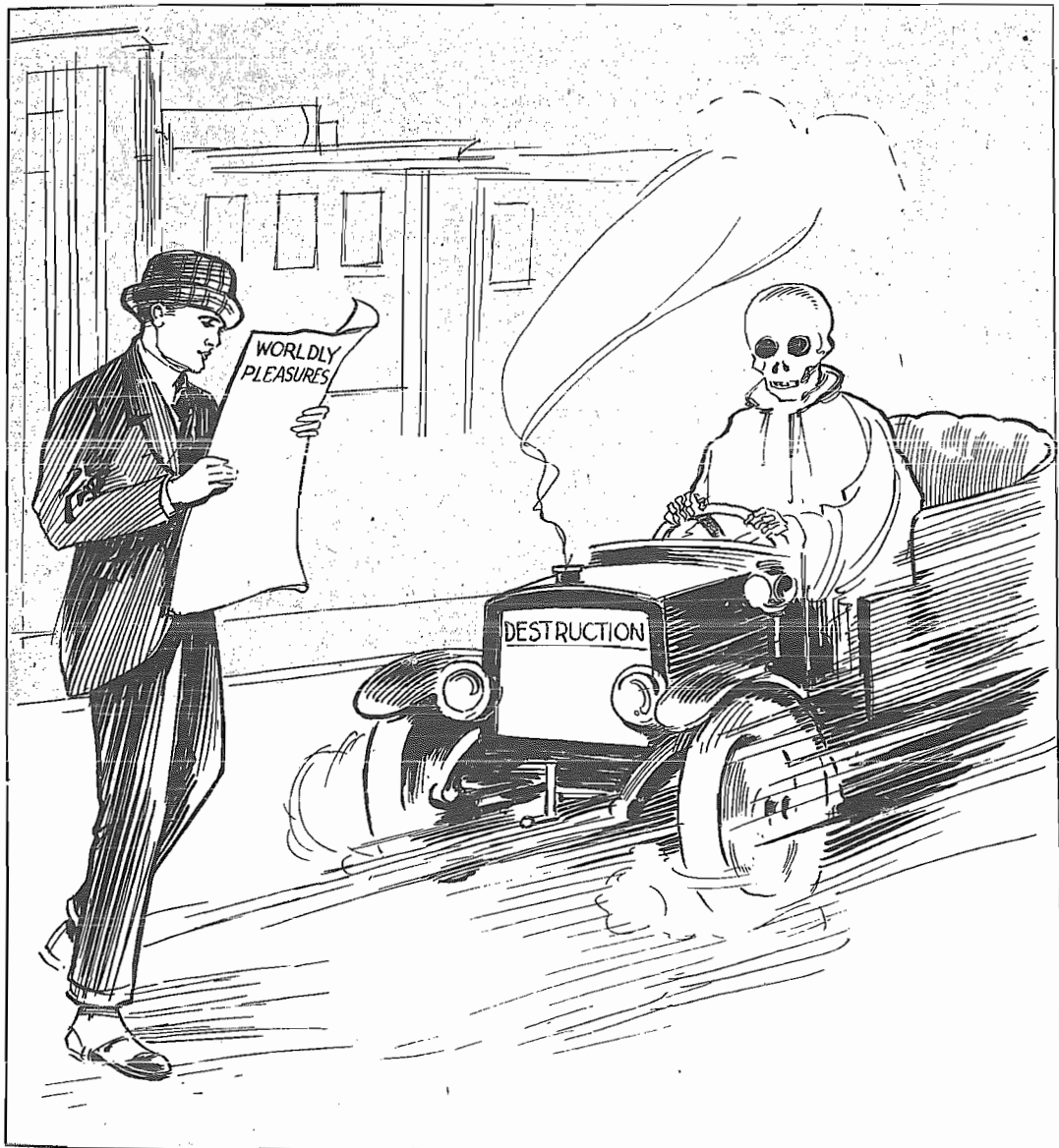
The WAR CRY

OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA WEST AND ALASKA

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"The Destruction that Wasteth at Noonday"—Psalm 91:6



THE DESERT

"They thirsted not when he led them through the deserts: he caused the waters to flow out of the rock for them" (Isa. 48: 21).

I SAID: "The desert is so wide!"
"I said: 'The desert is so bare!'
What springs to quench my thirst are there?
Whence shall I from the tempest hide?"

I said: "The desert is so lone!
Nor gentle voice, nor loving face
Will brighten any smallest space."
I paused or ere my moan was done!

I heard a flow of hidden springs;
Before me palms rose green and fair;
The birds were singing; all the air
Did shine and stir with angel's wings!

And One said mildly: "Why, indeed,
Take over-anxious thought for that
The morning bringeth! See you not
The Father knoweth what you need?"

GO AND DO IT

Mark 16:15; 1 Cor. 9:22

BISHOP TUCKER, of Uganda, left the secluded artist's studio for the work of Christ. He had been painting the picture of a poor woman, thinly clad, and pressing a babe to her bosom, wandering homeless on a stormy night in a dark, deserted street. As the picture grew, the artist suddenly threw down his brush, exclaiming, "Instead of merely painting the lost, I will go out and save them."

MOODY'S CRITIC

WHEN Moody was a young man an over-zealous critic, who was not an over-active worker, took him to task for his defects in speech. "You ought not to attempt to speak in public, Moody. You make so many mistakes in grammar," the critic told him. "I know I make mistakes," said Moody, "I lack a great many things; but I'm doing the best I can with what I have. But look here, my friend, you've grammar enough; what are you doing with it for Jesus?"

THE PROPHET'S CHARACTER

Jer. 1:17-19

JEREMIAH'S character shows traits that are contradictory. He faithfully discharged every duty, yet the performance of every duty often caused him keen anguish of heart. He was naturally diffident and retiring, yet he was outspoken and steadfast in the will of God. He was timid and distrustful of himself yet he spoke boldly in the name of God. He was frequently perplexed and sometimes despondent, yet he was always sustained by the grace of God. He was a man of broad views and catholic spirit, yet he possessed intense national feeling. He was a man of prayer and obedient to every Divine leading. *The spirit of prophecy acting upon his mind controlled his natural impulses and qualified him for his peculiar ministry without changing his individuality or doing violence to his disposition.*

STREAMS in the DESERT

Thoughts on Secret Prayer

SECRET prayer has many advantages. It is free from some of the temptations of public prayer. We are more conscious of God. We are speaking in His very ear. We are face to face with the highest ideals. We can hardly have low thoughts when alone with Him.

In the Master's directions about prayer in Matt. 6:6 there are four things about which let us think.

1.—SECLUSION

"Enter into thy closet."

Remember, it is secret prayer, the prayer of retirement. God means us to live in the world, not in the cloister. But no Christian can be at his best who has no season of retirement. Solitude has a mission. Walter Savage Landor says: "Solitude is the antechamber of God; only one step more and you can be in His immediate presence." We are living in a busy age. Never since the world began has there been such a restless, feverish age. The planet teems and hums with ceaseless

PRAYER

activity in this gas and electric life in a land "speed mad—too busy to

CHANGES

speaks, and many are too busy to hear Him! If ever a closet was needed, it is needed now. We need periods of retirement when we can escape from the restless tumult, the feverish agitation into a harbor of restful seclusion.

age of steam, electricity. And we noted for its ness." Men are pray! God

THINGS

2.—EXCLUSION

"When thou hast shut thy door."

Some blessings never come when the door is open. We should shut out the world with its cares and distractions. If we do so, when the door closes on the world the window opens toward Heaven. What takes place behind the closed door is not for curious eyes to see or anxious ears to hear. Some things are too personal to pray about while others listen. Some would seem too trivial to human ears. But we can tell God all. The design is to give an opportunity to approach God with the least public restraint. Do not forget to **SHUT THE DOOR**.

3.—COMMUNION

"Pray to thy Father."

This is what it is all for. The seclusion and the exclusion are for the sake of communion. It helps us to open our hearts to a human Friend, to be **ALONE** with Him. A preacher who needed to be alone and undisturbed left his study door unlocked and his little boy softly opened the door and came in. "My child, what do you want?" said the father. "Nothing, papa." "Then why did you come in here?" "I just wanted to be with you," was the reply. Not simply to **GET FROM GOD** but **TO BE WITH GOD** we pray. Prayer is not beggary, not teasing God for gifts. There is a kind of prayer in which no particular request is made. It is a drawing nearer to God to commune with Him. Asking for things is a small part of prayer at its best. We are very small children of a very great and wise Father. We ought to say, "I would rather have what He knows I need than what I think I want."

4.—REWARD

The ascending prayer has laid a track for descending blessing. No human ear has heard the prayer, or knows what has been asked, but "He shall reward thee openly." Indeed, there is to be a double reward. God will breathe a sweeter spirit within you in the closet, and when you go out, an open reward is promised. Though none but God and yourself know what took place when the door was shut, all will know something blessed has happened. Like the odor of Mary's ointment, it cannot be concealed. It is seen in the eye, it modulates the voice, it tames the temper. It makes you "easier to live with." It is hard to define, but men "take knowledge of you that you have been with Jesus."

BREAD AND BUTTER

By AMOS R. WELLS.

"THE Gospel is the bread of life,"
I heard a preacher mutter;
"The Gospel is the bread of life,"
And bread is served with—butter.

"Yet some men preach the living word
With hem and haw and stutter;
And grace they have sans gracious-ness

The bread without the butter.

"And others, while they preach the truth,
The truth half-hearted utter;
Their faith is lacking confidence,
Their bread is lacking butter.

"The truth that saves a sinful man
From brothel, harp and gutter,
Is truth that loves and truth that dars,
The bread—and also butter."

SAMSON

Judges, Chapter Fourteen

HOW many of God's servants have been ruined in their usefulness by their misalliances! Young men and women would do well to consult wise fathers and mothers before making the choice that may mar their whole career. This, at least, is the obvious lesson of verses 1-3. We can see the father and mother taking the valley-path, whilst the son breasts the hill. The young lion in the path cringes to spring, but has more than met his match, and its carcass is flung into the undergrowth beside the way. On the second journey the swarm of wild bees and their honey-comb were found in the cavity of the bones, and supplied Samson with his challenging riddle. How true it is that some of the sweetest things of life have come to us from circumstances that once threatened to destroy us! Often and again the lion has threatened to arrest our progress and take our life. But we have lifted our hearts to God, and the Spirit of the Lord has come mightily upon us with the result, not only that our path has become clear, but that sweetness has accrued from the peril that threatened to overwhelm us.

Remember that Samson's strength did not lie in his mighty brawn or muscular development, else Delilah's question would never have been put (16:6). He was probably quite an ordinary man. His faith was the source of his mighty deeds (Heb. 11:32), and that was in proportion to his separation. Surely, the lesson is clear for us all! **Consecration—faith—God's mighty Spirit—victory—sweetness!**

BLESSINGS OF SLEEP

"His compassions fail not: they are new every morning."—Lam. 3: 23.

"**GOD** bestows His gifts during the night," says the old German proverb. Sleep itself is a great blessing; and while we sleep, the clouds are storing their supplies of moisture, the rivers are performing their ministry of labor on our behalf, the seeds are swelling in the earth, the grain is springing in the field, the fruits are ripening on the tree, the harvest is growing golden in the mellow darkness of the autumn night; for in truth, if we are wise and diligent, nature is on our side, and all God's world is busy preparing our bread.—Henry Van Dyke.

CALGARY REVIEW

Local Correspondent apologises, and writes lengthy resume to expiate the past.

The Calgary correspondent, threatened with decapitation, offers this review of the past two months to save his life. When the man was shown the mummy of a woman who had been dead 2,000 years, he wondered how a woman could ever keep still that long. Attribute this sad lapse to sleeping sickness, and be charitable.

The Commandant Back
During Commandant Hamilton's severe illness, Mrs. Hamilton bravely assumed charge, assisted by the Officers of the city. The Commandant has fought his way back to a fair measure of health, and was warmly welcomed to his post. Spiritual quickening has continued through these weeks and decisions have been made, five coming out in a recent Meeting.

The New Year brought Bro. J. Madden back into active Soldiership. Among others who have been laid aside have been Sisters Mrs. W. S. Henderson, Mother Shaw and Mrs. Saunders. On the 22nd inst., Sister Graham, Mrs. Cox and Brother Fred Cox were enrolled.

Passing of Army Friend
A warm Army friend passed away this last week in the person of Rev. D. A. McKillop, who with Mrs. McKillop, have for some years administered City relief as heads of the Board of Public Welfare, and who have at all times assisted and co-operated with our own relief efforts. Mrs. McKillop is to continue her work with the Board.

The Band
The last of a Band series of programs was put on in January with War Worship, May Worship, in the chair. Alderman Batchelor presided at the opening, while Mayor Webster, to keep his engagement, had to leave for another gathering, crawling under a table, and making his exit via the kitchen. The same spirit in his civic position will make his battine average pretty close to 100%. Assistant talent in the persons of Mrs. T. Walker and Mrs. T. G. Miller, contributed pleasing vocal and piano numbers.

Among new faces in the Band are Bandmen Mercer and Hackett, while Y. P. Band graduates are in evidence in the persons of Bandmen Newing, Slighte, Locke and Honeychurch.

Y. P. Band
The Y. P. Band under Adjutant Fullerton, is making good progress, playing at all Company Meetings. The Girl Songsters have also made a very good beginning, and the boys of the Band recently staged a Calgary production, "The Bandit Band."

At the recent Annual Demonstration there were several special exercises, notably the Action Songs of the Primaries under Mrs. Lewin, and the Sand Tray lesson on Naaman the Leper, given by Corps Cadet Gladys Leighton. Brigadier Sims was in charge over the weekend, assisted by Y. P. Seret-Major Lewin and his Locals. Mother Shaw was given a hearty hand as she deposited her 86 cents in the Birthday Box. This is the first she has been able to be out since before Christmas. Another feature was the enrollment of some 15 Junior Soldiers.—H.

LETHBRIDGE

Adjutant and Mrs. Beattie
God is wonderfully blessing the efforts of the Officers and Contrabands in the fight against sin and indifference. Last weekend the Meetings were inspiring to all present, and in the Hollins Meeting, three songs, the Second Reading, The Jail Service was a source of blessing to a large crowd of prisoners. On Sunday night about fifty soldiers joined in the march from the Open-Air to the Citadel. A splendid audience was present. Y. P. Seret-Major Frank Evans gave two addresses and the Band and Songsters gave two appealing items. The Adjutant's address was an earnest one upon Salvation.

Our Converted Brother, Henry Ogawa, recently converted, is giving his testimony as to what Jesus has done for him. Well might we sing:

All round the world The Army chariot rolls,
All round the world The Lord is saving souls.

—Cor. D.

THE WORLD: Its Ways & Says Its Joys & Sighs

The Symphonies of Color

Modern Experiments Reveal Beautiful Effects

THE possible development of an art of colors corresponding to music, the art of sounds, has often been suggested.

Why should not the eye derive as much delight from symphonies of color as the ear from symphonies of sound? Color, considered in the abstract, is as attractive as sounds—perhaps more so.

If colors were as readily produced and manipulated as sounds, it is possible that we might have had, by now, an art of color as highly developed as that of music, an art with world-famous masters and creations taking their place among the noblest achievements of the human mind. As things are, however, we have nothing of the sort to show.

Harmony of Color
Yet suggestions on the subject go back far enough. Aristotle had something to say on the matter. Newton touched on it, and in 1734 Father Castel, a French priest, put forth theories and made experiments. But nothing much seems to have come from these earlier experiments and speculations, and it was left for an Englishman, Mr. Wallace Rimington, to attain the first practical results in this interesting field.

When was some thirty years ago, this, after exhaustive study and experimenting, he got as far as giving

a public demonstration of the results he had achieved. With the aid of an ingenious instrument called a color organ, by means of which varying colors and combinations of colors could be projected at will upon a screen, Mr. Rimington achieved very interesting and beautiful effects.

Carrying on the Work
An account written at the time tells us that "fleeing and momentary as sounds, the whole gamut of colors was thrown on the screen in slow or rapid succession, in infinite combinations, and in waves of intense and lovely color—now deepening into sombre hues, now passing into infinitely delicate gradations, now bursting into full pure hues of surpassing beauty, the magic evanescent color flitting across the vision in indefinite harmonies."

If some others were less favorably impressed, there was general agreement that, as a first attempt, the results were encouraging enough to warrant continued effort, and it has been a source of disappointment to not a few that so little has been done in the matter since.

At length, however, comes the interesting news that for some years past another English investigator, Mr. Adrian Klein, has been working quietly but thoroughly at the same subject, and that he hopes soon to make results public.



Natives of Northern British Columbia on the Trail.
—Photograph sent by Adjt. W. Kerr.

TERSE PARAGRAPHS

From Uncle Sam's Country
Mississippi is the only state in the Union which, by constitutional provision, prohibits the bequeathing of property to charitable objects. An amendment to remove this restriction is to be submitted to the voters.

The Alaska Agricultural College
and School of Mines at Fairbanks, the most northerly institution of its kind, now is engaged in its first year of work.

The average daily consumption of milk for every man, woman and child in the country is seven-tenths of a pint, according to Federal statistics, an increase of 17 per cent. in a decade.

Wisconsin College of Agriculture
scientists have developed a method for utilizing as stock food skim-milk heretofore wasted. It is concentrated in vacuum pans and then mixed with absorbent grains. After the grains have completely absorbed the milk, they are dried and can be sacked and shipped to any part of the country without losing food value.

HAVE THE STARS ANY EFFECT UPON HUMAN LIFE?

LONG ago it was thought that they had a great effect on us, and this belief gradually grew into a cult called astrology.

Every action of our lives was attributed to the influence of the planets. A child was born "under" such and such a star, while other stars had more or less important powers over him, too, and by the position of these stars would his every action be regulated.

Later on we discovered that the earth was, after all, only a star itself, and not a very important one at that, and that it was not the centre of the universe as we had formerly thought.

Yet there may be something in astrology. The moon, we know, affects the sea tides, and probably also creates atmospheric tides. Pressure of atmosphere decidedly does affect us, mentally and bodily, and therefore the old idea of the moon's affecting us may not be so wrong as we once thought.

FISH WITH PICK AND SHOVEL

DID you ever hear of the lung-fish, which breathes only air and buries itself for months until the earth is dry and sandy overhead?

This fish is dug with a pick and shovel where there has been no water for eighteen months, and whose location is known by a small hole the fish leaves to breathe through. They grow up to three feet long, and store fat on their tails for keeping them through the long dry seasons.

ESCAPING EXTINCTION

Hope for Canada's Antelope
FOR some years the antelope in Canada has been threatened with extinction.

Ten years ago it was estimated that there were 2,000 of them in Western Canada. Today there are reported to be only 1,250, and some years ago they entirely disappeared from the province of Manitoba.

The extermination of such a beautiful and graceful animal would be a tragedy, and five years ago the Government started a preserve of 50 animals. The preserve is known as the Nemiskam Park, and covers nine square miles. Happily the herd was kept free from disease, and the 50 animals have grown to 130, so that it looks as if the Canadian antelope is likely to escape extinction.

SAVED AT SEA

AN impressive instance of rescue from death came under my notice a few weeks ago when on my way from St. John, New Brunswick, to Glasgow. I left St. John on the Saturday evening and the incident in question happened during the afternoon of the following day.

While busy reading toward some one call out, "Come, look!" Everybody seemed to be hurrying on deck to see what was the matter. On looking over the side of the liner, we saw a fishing boat being tossed about by the waves. The sea at the time was choppy. Imagine the excitement when it was realized that men were in danger of being drowned.

The means of rescue were quickly gotten in hand. Life lines were thrown out, the fishermen abandoned their leaking vessel, got into a small craft, and pulled desperately for our ship. In a very short time they had grasped the life line and were hauled on deck, stiff and weary from exposure.

You can imagine their joy and gratitude at being saved from a watery grave. In relating their story, it appeared they had left Halifax, Nova Scotia, to go fishing, had been blown out to sea in a gale, lost their sails and rudder, and were in a drifting, helpless, and sinking condition. The boat having sprung a leak, from Friday evening until Sunday they were in utter danger of death.

This incident should remind us that we are out on the sea of life, and continually being tossed about by the winds and waves of temptations and difficulties. If we to ourselves, we are in danger of being lost; but we take courage in the knowledge that the life-line of Salvation is there for us to take hold of by prayer and faith. Reader, have you grasped it yet? G. S.

GRINS

Brown: "Is your wife artistic?"
Jenkins: "Why, yes; she doesn't care how the soup tastes so long as it is a pretty color."

Said an old lady to a child who looked at her: "What are you staring at? What do you see in my face?"
"Nothing," replied the child, and the lady passed on.



'THE FLAG THAT GUIDES POOR SINNERS ON THE WAY'

UNDER ONE FLAG



PLENTY OF CUSTOMERS

AN IMPRESSIVE AWAKENING

SAVED IN CONSTANTINOPLE

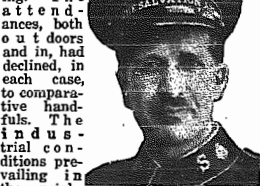
HOW IT CAME ABOUT AND SOME RESULTS

(By COMMISSIONER THEODORE KITCHING)

THE Salvation Army Officer is not easily balked, and Colonel Hipsey would be one of the last to let a mountain stay his progress. Arriving in Buenos Ayres on Army business recently he cast about for opportunities for spare minutes service. Not being conversant with the language, button-holing and his usual informal chats to groups of children in the streets were for once impossible. But the Colonel found a way out by buying a stock of pictorial Scripture portions, which he distributed to the youngsters. Quickly news of the free gifts spread abroad, and on subsequent outings the Colonel had a heavy task to supply all who pressed round him eager for a text. Who can judge the far-reaching extent of this simple, yet effective, example of holy aggression?

MY wife and I have just paid a week-end visit to one of the many Corps in the British Isles in which something in the nature of a spiritual upheaval is in progress.

The Corps has been in existence for some forty years. Upon taking charge last May the present Officers—a Commandant and his wife—were confronted with a state of things which, to say the least, was disappointing. The attendance, both out doors and in, had declined, in each case, to comparative hand-fuls. The industrial conditions prevailing in the neighborhood were such as to cause depression, if not despair, whilst a debt hung around the necks of both Officers and Locals as a dead weight.



Three weeks passed by, and the Commandant, to use his own words, "felt bad about the whole concern."

On the fourth Sunday morning a heart-to-heart-talk about the needs of the Corps, the low spiritual life, and the lack of soul-saving (The Divisional Commander had written the Commandant upon his coming into the Corps regarding the small soul-saving results during recent years) ensued, and about forty comrades renewed their consecration.

At night there were several seekers, but the number which came forward was comparatively small.

A fortnight later, so great was the feeling, and so large the numbers which came to the Mercy Seat, that the Holiness Meeting did not close until 2 p.m. The majority of those present were so moved upon that, instead of going home for dinner, they remained at the Hall to pray, and at night there were seventeen souls.

At the following Sunday night's Open-Air Meeting three men knelt at the drum-head, and the twenty-seven who came to the Penitent Form the next night were followed by others at each Meeting during the week.

Great interest was caused in the Open-Air of a notorious character whose influence both in the town and other localities where he was known had been most harmful. He was followed during the week-end by forty-seven others.

By now it had become a regular thing for the Citadel to be packed to overflowing. Extra seats were brought in from the Young People's Hall, and yet additional ones had to be purchased.

More than 300 new Soldiers have been enrolled; 75 per cent of these are paying Cartridges, though fully that proportion are out of work, and only the dole on which to depend.

Six new Open-Air Brigades have been formed, and I saw all these at work on Sunday morning. Fifteen of the Comrades have been transferred to other Corps; several have joined the Band, and a Male Voice Singing Brigade, composed of fifty of the Converts, has been organized (You should hear them sing!) About 130 of the men-Converts have bought and are wearing red jerseys, for which they are paying by instalments, while scores of others regularly sport Shields, St. Andrew ribbon, or some other Army insignia.

It is a common occurrence for four or five Converts to be standing in a queue in the Open-Air ring waiting for their turn to testify, and their simplicity and zeal are characteristic of Army Recruits the world over. The Torches (purchased by the Commandant for about two shillings each), and the notice boards—borne on poles, and carrying direct invitations, warnings, and statements of fact—constitute a striking feature of the numerous methods employed in arresting the attention of the onlookers. One of the latter bore the simple device:

BEEF
is better than
BEER

Another displayed the words of a refrain which one hears whistled and sung constantly in the streets—
"Jesus came along and He lifted me."

The singing I can only describe as wonderful. To see a thousand or twelve hundred people rise spontaneously to their feet and sing, with closed eyes and raised hands, "Jesus, Thou art everything to me," we saw in several Meetings, produces an impression which it is difficult to forget.

The Young People's Work, too, is receiving a surprising impetus. Something like two hundred new children attend the Company Meeting on Sunday.

In many cases whole families have been converted. The first four testimonies at the Saturday night Open-Air Meeting were given by a father, mother, son, and daughter—all saved within the last few weeks. In other instances the work has extended to backsliders of many years' standing.

In the ranks of the procession march night after night ex-drunkards, ex-boxers, ex-gamblers, and ex-Communists. The spirit of all is that of joy, of prayer, of unity. The readiness with which many of the Converts accompanied me into their former drinking haunts on the occasion of the public-house raid was delightful to witness.

I will not say there are no critics, either without or within the Corps, but as week by week we see a steady increase both in the congregations who come to listen, and in the number of souls won for God, all are gradually recognizing that the work is not of man but of God, and the doings of the Lord are marvelous in the eyes of all.

The name of the place is Barrow-in-Furness.

—T. H. K.

AN Armenian man, under the influence of drink, wandered into The Salvation Army Hall at Salda, Colorado, early one morning. The Hall is always open, and he sat there playing oriental music on the piano when the comrades found him. He was present at the evening Meeting, gave his heart to God, broke out in prayer, and became thoroughly converted.

He stated that a year ago he had been converted through the instrumentality of Salvation Army comrades in Constantinople, but became an unhappy backslider, for being far from home he had become discouraged and despondent. He is now going to take up his cross and fight in the ranks.—"The War Cry," San Francisco.

FOOTBALL "BOOSTERS" OUTDORE

THAT young American Salvationists have the courage of their convictions is shown by a recent happening at Lewistown in U.S.A., Western Territory. Down the main street some six or seven hundred school students were "rooting" (cheering and "hurrah-ing") for the home football team, which was to vanquish a team from a neighboring town. About fourteen young Salvationists, students of the same school, decided that they would "root for the Master," as one of the boys said. So after prayer for strength and guidance off they went to have an Open-Air Meeting, where the "mob" followed and danced around their plucky comrades, who nothing daunted, dropped on their knees and commenced to pray. This quieted the young "raggers," and victory was won.

SEIZING THE OPPORTUNITY

A party of men were out shooting. One of them, a lad, was driving an old vehicle, some of the floor of which was broken. While he was crossing over some rough ground the stock of the gun he held slipped through the hole, knocking the hammer of the weapon, which immediately exploded and discharged its contents into the lad's left shoulder and side. He was hurried off to the hospital, where his case was considered serious. A phone message was sent to the Commandant, who was by the lad's side in a few minutes, speaking calmly, and in his calmness the lad calmed down and promised, if spared, that he would serve God and be a Salvation Army Soldier.

Two days later the Officer drove out to the lad's relatives in the country, told them that he (the lad) was entirely out of his skull with the other members of the household. Three of them knelt down and sought the Saviour in their home. A few weeks later two more from the same house came out boldly in a Sunday night's Meeting and got saved. They are all enlisted as Salvation Soldiers. The lad is still in hospital, but is getting over the accident and is going to be a Soldier. Just two weeks before these lines were written yet another from the same house came out in the Sunday night's Meeting and claimed Christ as his Saviour. He has also returned and testified to God's saving power.

This all came about through faithful dealing with the lad in the hospital.—"The War Cry," Melbourne.

MUSIC SCORES AGAIN

A REMARKABLE story of conversion was recently told by Lieut. Colonel Schuurman, the Men's Social Secretary for Holland. A man serving a sentence in a certain prison in the country one day heard the music of The Army Band, which was playing in the vicinity. The songs played awakened memories of his innocent childhood days and convicted him of sin. When later a Salvation Army Officer, in the course of his regular prison work, visited the convict in his cell he was able to tell the glad news of his having found Salvation as a direct outcome of the Band's playing. A situation was found for the man on his release, and he is now reunited to his wife, and both are treading the shining way.

SHUT OUT!

THERE was some excitement when the Ta Tung Fu party returned from the Congress gatherings in Peking to find the city gates shut, and the guard immovable. The energetic Regional Officer, however, managed to slip through the gate with an official, and succeeded in getting the chief of police, who gave the necessary orders to allow their entrance. It was in the early hours of the morning that The Salvation Army party eventually got to their homes. Those who know Ta Tung Fu will understand that midnight at this time of the year is anything but tropical.—"The War Cry," Peking.

"SAVED TO SAVE"

One cold morning, while the early Prayer Meeting was in progress, a dejected-looking woman staggered into the Hall. Her clothing was covered with mud, and she was almost frozen, having slept for two nights in the public park. Drink was the sole cause of her unhappy condition.

A sister, who herself had been reclaimed from a similar position only twelve months previously, took her home, brushed her clothes, gave her a substantial meal, and told her she could remain there till the effects of her drinking had disappeared.

Overcome with gratitude, the poor woman besought the Salvationists to pray with her, and in the night Meeting she publicly gave herself to God. She is now in a situation in the same town, and her mistress is pleased with her, and her work. The craving for drink has never returned.—"The War Cry," Sydney.

TELLING GOOD NEWS IN FORTY-SIX LANGUAGES

NOTES AND COMMENTS

By the Special Efforts Secretary

AFTER his very extensive Western tour of inspection the Commissioner will only be at the Centre a few days before he starts for the Eastern part of the Territory, visiting Corps and Social Institutions between Winnipeg and Fort William. It is some time since the Commissioner has visited any of these Corps. Staff Captain J. Habbick has a full program for the Commissioner to fill, but our Leader is always glad and willing to do anything to inspire our Corps and to create interest among the people who do not generally attend Army Meetings.

The Commissioner's visit affords Officers and Soldiers a splendid opportunity for getting fresh people to our meetings. "Make the most of this."

The Chief Secretary will conduct Young People's Days at Regina and Saskatoon during the month of April. Brigadier Sims, the Territorial Y. P. Secretary, will accompany him.

What about Self-Denial? This is receiving much attention at T. H. Q. these days. "Away over the Top," is our slogan. "Think what Self-Denial means to the world—to our Territory—to your Corps. Then prepare accordingly."

The manager of one of the largest Insurance Companies, in a Divisional Headquarters City, writes to T. H. Q. saying that he has been for many years a reader of the War Cry. He talks of the pleasure and spiritual benefit he receives from the same and how he looks forward to a faithful sister's weekly visit. "You know," he writes, "we have many things to upset and worry us in business life, but your sister is always bright and smiling. She brings a ray of sunshine which we so much appreciate. I think the War Cry is a well-prepared, business-like publication and I commend you for the many splendid features it contains, but I would like to make mention of the space set apart for 'local announcements.' I have been grieved that in a city of this size the Officer does not make use of it. You will pardon my criticism, but I do it in a friendly spirit because from a business standpoint alone I think this is a mistake."

A minister, in Western Canada, writes to say he considers the War Cry to be the most direct religious paper which enters his home. In wishing the War Cry great success in its circulation, he sent in an order for some Army literature.

A minister's wife in Alaska has written the Commissioner asking permission to wear uniform and sell War Cry so that she can reach the men in the saloons, pool-rooms, and so on.

These are three very striking tributes to our War Cry and should encourage Officers and Brigades in making every issue a means of reaching every class of people with the glad and inspiring message of the Gospel.

In His Name and for His sake let us use every means provided to save the erring and the lost.

COLLEGEGRAMS

IT'S nice to be engaged in a work at which you do not have to wait until August or September each year for the harvest. The Training Garrison, for instance, can tell you of reapings every week of the season.

Captain Newman tells of an interesting case at the Hostel last Thursday night, when a man was thoroughly converted and right there threw away his cigarettes.

Another splendid case was that of a woman being saved during an afternoon visitation in the Elgin Ave., No. 111 Corps district.

Sergeant Sutherland, accompanied by a Brigade of lad Cadets, was at Fort Rouge Sunday night, and we learn from him of one boy who accepted the Saviour. Captain Watt also reports one man registered at the Penitent Form at Norwood.

ONE SOUL AND ONE SOLDIER CAMPAIGN

OUR PERSONAL RESPONSIBILITY

By LIEUT.-COLONEL TAYLOR, The Field Secretary

"I fear that some non-producers are experiencing a sense of satisfaction owing to The Army's MASS production, IRRESPECTIVE OF THEIR PERSONAL SHARE IN THE 'TOTAL OUTPUT.'" (The Chief of Staff.)

WELCOME news is to hand of souls being saved and Soldiers enrolled, in ones and twos, and in some cases larger numbers. This causes us to rejoice. In very truth we are glad. God is rewarding effort, answering prayer and giving the increase.

But, what about your personal share in the effort?

What a pity it would be if the good news of what is being accomplished by others should produce in any Officer, Local or Soldier a sense of satisfaction that the goal is being reached, while they are not doing their part.

The idea underlying the "One Soul and One Soldier" campaign is individual effort, rather than mass production.

What a fine example of the value of personal appeal—individual effort—we have in the first chapter of St. John's Gospel:

"Andrew . . . first findeth his own brother Simon and said unto him 'We have found the Christ' and he brought him to Jesus." "Jesus findeth Phillip . . . Phillip findeth Nathaniel"—and so the little company of Christ's first followers grew.

Have you realized your personal responsibility in this campaign to win at least one soul to Christ and to encourage and help at least one person to become a Soldier?

When you look closely into the matter of soul-saving and Soldier-making, too, you will find that while there may have been many contributing influences, the decision can often be traced to the influence and effort of some person, often some one who has not figured prominently on the platform.

Look about you, go thoughtfully and prayerfully over the list of your acquaintances who are yet unsaved, or undecided as to Soldiership, and see if the Inward Voice does not prompt you to make a direct appeal to someone.

Pray about it? Yes, by all means, but do it. Go out of your way to do it. In such cases it is found that the Holy Spirit has gone before and prepared the soul for the message.

I once heard a front-rank evangelist, who was speaking on soul winning, say:

"I felt impressed to go to a man who attended my church while his family were summering in the hills. I went into his office and taking his hand spoke to him of Christ. He dropped my hand and went over to the window, but returned saying, 'I have waited twenty years to have some one speak to me of Jesus,' and he there and then accepted Christ as his Saviour and became a Christian."

He also related the following incident of his college days: "When a student for the Ministry I roomed with a man for a year and never spoke to him about Jesus. When leaving, he asked me why I had not. I told him I thought he didn't care. He said, 'I have never passed a day without hoping you would. Why, my parents, through the Principal, got this very room because you were a Christian.' I then tried to win him, but could not, but my college chum, B. Fay Mills, led him to Christ. He went South and died a year later, but he will not shine as a star in my crown."

Perhaps someone is even now wondering why you have not spoken to them personally and directly about Jesus and their soul's salvation!

"How long will they have to wait?"

EVENTS:

The Commissioner at:

—PORT ARTHUR
—FORT WILLIAM
—WINNIPEG

SEE PAGE ELEVEN

CHIEF SECRETARY'S NOTES

I HAVE returned to the Centre after taking part in a special Soldiers' Gathering at Edmonton, and in assisting at inspections and various other Salvation business to which the Commissioner was particularly giving his attention. There was not an idle hour in that fast-moving city from the moment we arrived until our departure.

The Soldiers' Meeting is reported elsewhere. Our Leader gave a real heart-to-heart talk, and found ready response.

MORE 'UPS' THAN 'DOWNS'

In the Inspections "ups and downs" were revealed during the past year, of course, but, thank God! by far more "ups" than "downs." General progress was evident and plans have been formulated for particular work to be done to advance in the coming year. The Commissioner gave necessary attention to certain property requirements, spending considerable time, exercising caution, but vision and enterprise, in these matters. More anon.

We shared the joy of the new Major in his promotion. When Major and Mrs. Larson were referred to for the first time the pleasure of their comrades was very evident.

We have seen the Easter War Cry. Some of us who are not in the Editorial Office may be pardoned for appropriating to ourselves some of the pleasure such a production from the local press gives to us. We congratulate the Editor and his Staff.

EFFICIENT SERVICE NOTED

We had a distressing case of poverty in the country brought to our notice by the winning of "Right to Live." We proceeded to deal with it with usual Army despatch. We availed ourselves of Salvation Army facilities and soon an Officer was in touch with the needy family. A few days later he reported to the "Tribune" whose Editor warmly congratulated The Army upon such efficient service.

Winnipeg I Life Saving Scouts and Guards are appearing in new uniforms. Much enthusiasm is there being manifested. Ensign Greenaway is showing a fine spirit and giving expert attention to the Scouts, while Leader, Blanch, Cousins is equally alive with the Guards.

Generally speaking there is an excellent spirit about respecting the Self-Denial Effort. Difficulties? Of course. Lots of them. But these we have had in these years. We have had it in the way! Where there is no fight there is no victory!

CROAKERS TO BE SILENCED

In the West we have the kind of Soldiers who overcome, and not only go "one better" but a good many "ones better" in raising Self-Denial totals. Nearly 200% increase in two years is excellent. But our Army Mother once said to The Founder, after an effort by the latter, "What and better will do." All are getting in readiness for this year's victory. We are going to silence any croakers who are found amongst those who do not do anything to help.

The Social Anniversary to be held in the Province Theatre by the Commissioner on Sunday is likely to be something out of the ordinary. Our old friend, Sir Hugh McDonald, is to preside. The main function will take place in the afternoon, followed by a "One Soul-One Soldier Campaign" at night in the same theatre.

Defeat for the man of God is the summons to another battle.

To lift another's burden is to have the weight taken from your own.

Difficulties are the stones out of which all God's houses are built.

The Self-Denial War Cry will contain sixteen pages. Look out for this special attractive number, the pages of which will be filled with highly interesting and instructive particulars regarding Salvation Army service.

THE WAR CRY

Official Organ of The Salvation Army in
Canada West and Alaska

Founder William Booth
General Bramwell Booth
International H. quarters,
London, England.
Territorial Commander,
Commissioner Henry C. Hodder,
317-319 Carlton St.,
Winnipeg, Manitoba.

All Editorial communications should be ad-
dressed to The Editor.

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OFFICIAL GAZETTE

Promoted:
To be Major

Staff-Captain Karl Larson.

HENRY C. HODDER,
COMMISSIONER.

NOTICES

The Week of Self-Denial will com-
mence on Sunday, May 6th, and
conclude Sunday, May 13th, inclusive. The
Young People's Effort will be from
Sunday, May 13th, to Sunday, May
20th, inclusive.)

After Saturday, March 24th, until
the Campaign is closed, no Demon-
stration of a financial character (ex-
cept on behalf of this Fund) may take
place in any Corps without the permis-
sion of Headquarters. A week of
Prayer, commencing on April 29th,
will precede the Effort.

Officers of all ranks are responsible
for seeing this General Order is ob-
served.

May God's blessing rest upon all
who take part in this Effort, and re-
ward their labors with success.

HENRY C. HODDER,
COMMISSIONER.

WORK IN HAWAII

The Salvation Army has a pro-
gressive work in operation in the
Hawaiian Islands which, it will be
known, are situated in the Pacific
Ocean and enjoy a temperate cli-
mate. In addition to purely spiri-
tual work, there are Homes for boys
and girls, Rescue Homes, and other
Social Institutions. At the present
time there are several positions of
responsibility open to Salvationist
workers, and Comrades desirous of
securing such should, without de-
lay, communicate with Commission-
er Hodder.

317-319 Carlton St., Winnipeg.

Pushing the Battle in the West

Our Campaigning Commissioner

**Energising Gatherings at Edmonton, Biggar and Saskatoon—Days
Brimful of Activity—Dedication Ceremony—Y. P. Prize Giving
and Demonstration—Splendid Crowds—Showers of Blessing—
Hallowed Penitent Form Scenes.**

AT 8 p.m. on Wednesday, Feb. 28th,
Soldiers and Recruits of the three
Edmonton Corps congregated in the
No. 1 Citadel to greet our Territorial
Leader. This was a Meeting of great
inspiration and rich instruction. Prior
to the Commissioner's stirring ad-
dress, Lieut.-Colonel McLean gave
an interesting account of soul-saving
in connection with the Men's Social
Work throughout the Territory and
the Chief Secretary's energising re-
port on the progress of the 'One Soul
—One Soldier' Campaign caused the
spiritual atmosphere to rise by leaps
and bounds.

The Commissioner delights to come
into close contact with his Soldiers.

The D. C. and C. O. It appears that
friends of The Army desired to give
their four children to God under the
Army colors. This ceremony was con-
ducted to the joy of the parents.

While this service was being per-
formed the young braves of Biggar
were mustering at the Hall to see
and hear for the first time, our Lead-
er whom they had been given to un-
derstand loved children and had
travelled far and wide throughout
the countries of the world. What ex-
pectancy prevailed! How eagerly
they drank in the Commissioner's
thrilling stories of the children's
Friend, and how the Commissioner's
heart was touched when twelve fine

bespoke of advance. The Commis-
sioner's Bible message was a fitting
climax to this bright and effective
meeting and paved the way for in-
creased faith and anxiety for the
morrow.

Sunday came. It was a real, bright
Spring day and the strains of Sal-
vation music could be heard echoing
through the streets, calling many of
the wayward to worship, and inspiring
the church-bound as they passed rever-
ently on their way to service.

Holiness, what a theme! Of all
Meetings, our Leader loves Holiness
Meetings. It is here he can speak out
of the fullness of a personal experience
and utter rich and blessed truths
which are lived in his daily life.

The sincere invocation of Captain
Talbot resulted in oneness of thought
and purpose, and the service was per-
meated with a nearness of God's pres-
ence.

Enthusiastic Young Folks

The Young People of both Corps had
looked forward to the Commissioner's
visit for they they had been promised
a place in the large Hall for the af-
ternoon and, sure enough, the whole
centre of the spacious building was
filled with juvenile enthusiasts and a
rousing cheer greeted our Leader as
he made his appearance. From his
long experience he kept them fully
interested with helpful incidents, and
we all rejoiced when 25 decisions were
made for Christ.

Preceding the evening service a
united Open-Air Meeting was held and
again the sweet strains of the Gospel
pealed forth in music and song, ar-
resting the neglecter and thrilling
the wayward with the assurance of
our Father's love.

The previous gatherings all con-
tributed to the night's success. Every
available seat was occupied. What an
inspiring congregation greeted our
Leader as he stood, Bible in hand, to
once again break 'The Bread of Life'.
His forceful message went forth in
burning words of truth in the defence
of the Gospel. It was entreaty to the
unsaved, a call to the backslider, en-
couragement to the Soldier of Christ
and, for the young especially, in very
truth a season rich in counsel.

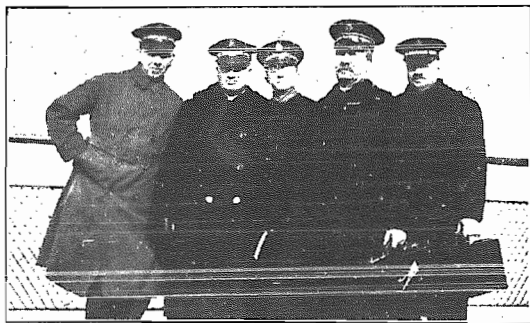
Thirty-One Seekers

At the invitation of Lieut.-Colonel
McLean six decisions were made
for Christ, among them being a father
and son, making in all 31 souls for
the day's campaign. So passed the
Commissioner's first Sunday in Sas-
katoon, with splendid crowds and
showers of blessing.

The Citadel Band and Songsters
rendered efficient assistance through-
out the day and contributed much to
the success with their sweet music
song. —T. M.

GORED BY A BULL

THE Salvation Army Officer has to
be much more than a spiritual
shepherd. Perhaps this is particularly
the case in Missionary lands, where
he has to be prepared to serve his
fellows in a great variety of ways.
In many of the outlying districts The
Army Officer is looked upon as a phy-
sician, for bodily complaints as well
as for soul ills. A man in Hong Kong,
Korea, was recently gored by a bull.
At once he was rushed to Adjutant
Lord, the Corps Officer, whose re-
sistance was solicited. The man re-
ceived two remedies one for the body
and another for the soul.



The Commissioner, with Lieut.-Colonel McLean, Brigadier Coombs, Adjutant Clarke
and Ensign Mundy, crossing to Nansinau.

With tenderness and tact he once
again unfolded the possibilities of the
victorious life, and as the service
closed many earnest souls claimed
special blessing.

The following day was one of
activity for the Commissioner. He
was here, there, and everywhere.
First inspecting Men's Social op-
erations and seeking for the improve-
ment he so much desires, then look-
ing for suitable sites for the exten-
sion of our work, now back to the
office for interviews, correspondence
and so on. So the day passed with
profit and at 10 p.m. the party boarded
the train for Biggar.

The Commissioner was anxious to
see this aggressive little western
prairie town with its increasing
group of Salvationists. We arrived
on time and were met by Major
Smith, the Divisional Commander, and
Captain Nellie Peake, the Command-
ing Officer.

Right after lunch work commenced.
The Commissioner was on the trail
for a suitable site where we could, in
the course of time, build our own
Hall. He met with some degree of
success, and in that wonderful note-
book of his are certain particulars
which will spell advance for the fu-
ture of The Salvation Army in Big-
gar.

The next item on the program was
a service of Dedication, conducted by

boys and girls made their decision to
serve the Lord Jesus. These young
people went home and blazed abroad
the news of the Commissioner's even-
ing Meeting and, sure enough, in the
Town Hall at 8 p.m., nearly two hun-
dred citizens of Biggar congregated
and gave him a royal welcome. This
was the evening of the Y. P. prize
giving and Junior Demonstration. It
all proved very interesting, but most
of all, the Commissioner's impressive
resume of Salvation Army warfare
drew forth hearty applause and
created greater confidence in our
work. We left this place at 10 a.m.
the following morning, and did so in
the assurance that the little Corps
with its Officers had received a real
impetus by the Commissioner's visit.

The first Meeting of the Campaign
at Saskatoon was conducted by the
Commissioner on Saturday evening in
the Citadel; No. 11 Corps uniting.
Our Comrades fully appreciated the
Commissioner's presence and demon-
strated their delight by turning out
in large numbers. The Meeting took
the form of a real old time Free and
Easy. Everybody was anxious for
the Campaign and expressed faith and
desire for a mighty outpouring, and
it came! Lieut.-Colonel McLean's in-
spiring address on Social Achieve-
ments brought the desired results.
The singing was hearty and sincere
and the whole tone of the gathering

Good Friday

THE COMMISSIONER

Will conduct

"A DAY WITH GOD"

Rupert Street Citadel, Winnipeg

LONDON'S WELCOME TO ARMY LEADER

THE GENERAL, after his Wonderful Indian Campaign, Greeted with Heartfelt Affection and Delight by Audience of Four Thousand

The Chief of the Staff's Happy Task---Charming Augmentation of Salvation Entente Cordiale---Fascinating and Moving Description of Our Leader's Memorable Experiences

IF the Salvationists and friends of mighty London had never before taken The General to their hearts they certainly did so on Wednesday, Feb. 14th. As it was, it was a notable case of doing so again—only more so!

A Leader trusted and beloved as few can claim to be, he could not accomplish that arduous, twenty-thousand mile journey to the East in the single-eyed interest of the Salvationists, for he had not been toiled for and rejoiced over some thousands of these precious people seeking the one True God—and he could not have returned an Army missionary and apostle seven-fold intensified, without every man and every woman springing to their feet and bearing out their admiration and gratitude in spontaneous salute at sight of his brisk step and smiling face: 'Welcome, General! God bless you!'

This is just what was done in the Congress Hall of glorious memories. The gathering was one long, joyous reception—to The General first, then also to his son, Ensign Wycliffe, and his beloved new daughter-in-law; likewise to Commissioner Mapp and Major Smith, his devoted travelling assistants.

Glow and Glory

If the fierce, brilliant sunshine of which India is so lavish could not be borrowed for the occasion, the Old Country was true to itself in typical February, raw-edged atmosphere, mist, and mud! A plentiful supply of this was on hand—perhaps by way of contrast to the glow and glory which pervaded the interior of the historic cradle-building of Salvationism.

Before 'the hour' the great outer gates had to be closed on numbers by whom tickets could neither be bought nor begged. Possibly four thousand succeeded in squeezing in—Officers, Soldiers, and faithful friends commingling in union of purpose and desire. These the Staff Band entertained until eager faith was turned to raptured sight!

There through the doors of the main entrance were discerned three flags—the Yellow, Red and Blue, the French Tri-color, the Union Jack. Then a striking group of Army Commissioners—the Chief of the Staff—The General and Mrs. Booth, Ensign and Mrs. Wycliffe, Lieut.-Commissioner and Mrs. Benson, and members of The General's family. By now the place was in a blaze of enthusiasm, amidst which the Chief announced one of those inspired ascriptions of praise which were a delightful feature of the Meeting:

Let earth and Heaven agree,
Angels and men be joined.

No apter language could have been found. Curtaining the distant limits of those four-square walls, standing against which were lines of ardent spectators, was an incipient bluish mist, and it needed no high flight of imagination to picture beyond that impassable partition still further hosts of deeply interested and concerned participants—the Salvationists of other lands (and not the least our Comrades of India) who love and follow the same General and fight under the same ensign of the Cross; the crowned warriors who include The Army Founder and The Army Mother; and the angelic beings who rejoice in our triumphs and join us in our worship.

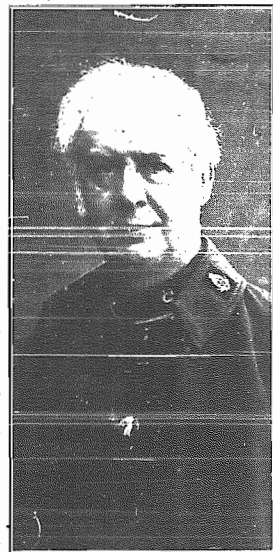
The Chief of the Staff was on en-

chanted ground. He always is the despair of pessimists—his face and his words at this glad hour would have laid low their ranks! He declared, as if interpreting more fully the sentiments expressed by the spacious motes and the palms that artistically backgrounded the platform:

One of the religious poets says something about being 'thrice happy.' Well, I feel we are all in that condition to-night. Certainly our happiness cannot be counted in single numerals, for we are happy many times over! (Volleys.)

We are happy to see the face of our dear General. (Applause.) As he has gone through India and Ceylon, exposed to the dangers and difficulties of the way, I think we can truly say our happiness is increased when we realize that from all these perils God has preserved him and brought him back to us to tend up on in the great battles of The Salvation Army.

I feel to-night that the world is happier because The General has been to India, and



that the non-Christian lands will all be made brighter because of his visit, for he will tell us of victories and opportunities which surely will touch our hearts and make Self-India this year one of the grandest and biggest efforts in our history.

General, to-night we say, 'Welcome home! ten thousand times welcome!' (Enthusiastic volleys.)

Then we have another cause for happiness and joy. We welcome those partners with The General—Commissioner Mapp, Major Smith, and last but certainly not least, our dear friend, Ensign Wycliffe. (Applause.) He has come back reinforced, and we welcome the one he has brought with him from another land—Mrs. Ensign Wycliffe Booth. Thank God, The Army is international, and we take her to our heart, rejoicing that she has come to strengthen The General's family, to be a joy to the Ensign, and a help to The Salvation Army at large. (Applause.)

We are also happy because we meet The General without fear. General, we have tried to do our duty well! While you have been away the Flag has flown—Mrs. Booth has seen to that—(loud cheers)—and when you have an opportunity of seeing the Salvationists at home you will find them none the less zealous than when you went away. True as steel, we shall continue to follow the dear old Flag. (Volleys.)

Several degrees happier than the happiest, The General, responsive to the wealth of affection and appreciation which an upstanding audience again poured upon him, lost no time

ere he reciprocated the heartfelt assurances of his chief Officer. He was happy to be amongst his old Comrades—he said so, and his beaming face confirmed the fact.

That the spell of India was strong upon him was equally evident. With skillful, wonderful touches he revealed this vast land of nature's light—but of spiritual darkness; its lovable and teachable peoples; the depth of their need, but also the height of self-sacrifice and service for Christ to which they can be lifted; The Army's triumphs and miracles which yet pale before the indescribably glorious chances within grasp.

As for the fascinating story of his own experiences and conclusions, The General could scarcely sample the chapters, urged on though he must have been by the enraptured attention and animated faces of this remarkable well-learned, India—dear India of many a loved and honored Army apostle who has died for her and of Comrades of many nationalities who have lived for her—received more than justice at his hands, for we had moving glimpses of a consuming passion and an unconquerable determination to lead her struggling, striving, enduring peoples to the true Fount of Life and Peace.

The General made beautiful acknowledgment of the service rendered him by the Officers who accompanied him on his Campaign; of his appreciation of the deputation of Officers who met him on his arrival at Victoria Station the previous evening; and also of the letters of greeting from the Census Board Locals of the British Territory; and not least he paid unreserved tribute to The Army's Officers in India and Ceylon whether Western or belonging by birth to those countries.

Commissioner Mapp, who, The General said, had been with him 'day and night,' appeared at any rate to have suffered no abatement of his vigorous Salvation spirit! He confessed to difficulty in sorting out his feelings at that moment—except that the uppermost feeling was one of gratitude. The General's Campaign had been flooded with blessing, and the way in which he had entered into the difficulties and tackled the problems associated with The Army's operations in that immense area called India, had but increased the love which every Officer and Comrade felt towards him.

This sense of imminently applied not only to the extent of the Territory, but to the position, and the access as to Divine things, and, thank God, to The Army's opportunities likewise. 'Every penny you have given, every man and every woman you have spared for India's Salvation,' concluded the Commissioner, 'has been more than worth while!'

'I never called upon him for any service, day or night, that he did not render it willingly and well!' was The General's reference to Major Smith, whose racy narration of events grave and gay was much enjoyed, including his translation of the letter sent by a converted devil-dancer, as follows:

'To our Father, The General, who shines like the moon surrounded by a constellation of stars, we offer our grateful thanks!'

Throughout this gladsome function there were intermitted reminders of the augmented Salvation Army entente cordiale which has so recently

and auspiciously been brought about. Of this new bond the flags and drappings were evidence, amongst other things. Consequently it was not surprising that Lieut.-Commissioner Peyron, father of the bride, was accorded a special welcome. The Commissioner is not a stranger to London Army audiences, who appreciate his fire and dash and magnetic personality. It was, he said, exactly thirty-nine years ago that day that he first met a member of The General's family, into whose inner circle his daughter had just entered. What was more, the old and memorable building in which they were now assembled was associated with another important and happy event that led to his ultimate alliance, thirty-three years ago, with his dear wife and comrade in service.

Ensign Wycliffe Booth

A very special burst of greeting had been reserved for Ensign Wycliffe Booth, called upon to fill the dual position of bridegroom and one of The General's travelling staff. As he happily described it, he had 'two texts' from which to speak! Let it be said at once, he did well with both, speaking with feeling, and naturance. 'I have, he said, 'walked the footsteps of my father—he went to Paris to find my mother and brought her first to the old Congress Hall. I have done the same!'

India, the Ensign designated, 'an enormous opportunity for The Salvation Army.' The Campaign had been a wonderful thing, a great education, for him. Blessing had come to his own soul because he had seen so much of those precious jewels of sacrifice in our Officers there. 'To-night he could not but feel proud of the members of his own family who had been associated with the work in that beautiful country—the Consul, his aunt Lucy, and his uncle, Commissioner Booth-Tucker—whose names shone out with lustre there on account of what they had done.'

It was a rare privilege for him to have accompanied his father. Could they have witnessed the love and honor showered upon him, they would be sure, have felt as proud as he (the Ensign) felt. In one instance an old man got up from his dying bed, and with a little child in his arms sought out The General in order that it might be given his blessing. Even the heathen had come with eagerness to speak or to look at him and to show their respect.

Mrs. Ensign Booth

It is only in her capacity as a bride that Mrs. Ensign Wycliffe is a newcomer to the Clapton centre. It was at this world-renowned Garrison that she was trained as a Cadet, and while, as she so touchingly testified, learning to know and love God better, 'Charming in appearance and speech, it is not too much to say that this great audience of Salvationists enthusiastically endorsed Ensign Wycliffe's choice, and will not forget the sincere request of both bride and groom that God will graciously bless the bride and give a blessing to themselves and to His Kingdom.'

It was good to witness the joy that wreathed the faces of The General and Mrs. Booth, no less than those of the bride's parents, as with these radiant newly-wed Comrades, they grouped themselves near the Flag surmounting the platform and received another thrilling ovation.



FOR OUR MUSICAL FRATERNITY Let Us Get Together!

THE OLDEST BANDSMAN SPEAKS

Trumpeter SHEARD, ENGLAND

A BANDSMAN'S DUTY

THE Bandsman's primary duty to God is to put Him first always, at all times, and on all occasions. Then everything will assume its right aspect; many difficulties that now present themselves will be obviated, and all things will work together for good. Only that work which is done for God and the extension of His Kingdom affords genuine, unalloyed pleasure, for "the measures of life," as Marcus Aurelius says, "are empty, rotten, insignificant, snapping puppies, quarrelsome children that laugh and anon fall to crying."

What sort of Army Bands should we have were we to say 'We'll have anybody so long as he understands music and is able to play'? We can never do that. Oh, no; the correct order is Salvationist first, and Bandsman next. And the Salvationist in heart is a joy to high Heaven and a rejoicing to his fellows. . . . It is only fair to say there is improvement of recent days in the department of many of our leading Bands, but still there is room for something better along the lines indicated. There is no reason in the world why even the smallest Combinations should not be models in bearing and amongst the sweetest in music in the whole land.

NOT BAD, EH?

A Highland piper having a pupil placed in his care by his chief, and not knowing the notes of music—the semibreves, minims, crotchets, and quavers, etc.—by their proper designations, although he knew each one by headmark, and its musical value very well, set to work in this way:

"Here, Donald," said he, "take your pipes, my good lad, and blow a blast."

Donald did as requested.

"So, so!" exclaimed the old man. "That iss very well blown, indeed—just beautiful. But what is sound, Donald, without sense? Just so. You may blow for ever without making a tune of it if I do not tell you how to queer things on ta paper are to help you. Look here, lad. You see tat big fellow with ta round, open face (pointing to a semibreve between the two lines of a bar), he moves slowly from tat line to tis while you beat on with your You see tat little fellow with ta long, thin face (pointing to a minim), he moves twice as fast. If you blackens hims face he will run four times faster as ta fellow with ta white face; but, besides blackenin' hims face, if you will bend hims knee, or tie hims up, he will hop eight times faster as ta white-faced fellow I showed you ta first time. And now whenever you blow your pipes, Donald, remember tis, the tighter you will tie tesse fellows' legs ta faster they will run, an' ta quicker they will be sure ta dance."

FOR SALE

A Besson silver-plated cornet, Creation model. \$50.00 cash. Apply Trade Dept., 317 Carlton St., Winnipeg.

AS I am honored by being the oldest Trumpeter in The Army, it is natural that I should take a keen interest in young Bandsmen, for away back in the early days of this great Movement I was a young strapping myself, but in a position quite different from the youngsters of today. They have every encouragement—at least, I hope so—but I stood alone, without a teacher, without a Bandmaster, without music, and not knowing another musician in The Army (or rather, Christian Mission) except the late Commissioner Dowdle and another comrade with their Hallelujah fiddles.

But, thank God, I was 'born again.' I came out of darkness into light, and was full of joy and enthusiasm and played my instrument by inspiration, and many were led to hold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world.

Drunkards and all kinds of sinners became converted, took up an instrument, learnt to play, formed Bands

If we are to be successful in our work, we must be consistent in all things and endeavor to follow Christ our Saviour fully; that is the great secret. We may play our instruments like an Appleby or a Twitchin (ah, let me pause here a moment—listen, young men; in the year 1882, whilst stationed at Regent Hall, a little boy became very much interested in my cornet; he caught the inspiration, for day and night it was in his thoughts, and he was filled with a desire to blow it. However, his time came and he joined up. He got enthusiastic about it, made rapid progress, and after much hard work and study and years of fighting is now known as Bandmaster Bert Twitchin, of Regent Hall fame). I was saying of Twitchin, of Regent Hall fame, that it will lose its desired effect upon the people if our lives are a contradiction to our profession.

There was a time when Army Bands were thought to be a nuisance (but you must remember we were Salva-

What About Those Unused Instruments?

The Soldiers of Glen Vowel Indian Reserve Corps want to form a Band. They have no instruments, and the raising of money to purchase same is out of the question. In writing to the Editor on this subject, Commandant Hanna says: "Possibly in some corner, or on some shelf in some Corps there are instruments which need to be in action. Will you not put in a plea for us here at Glen Vowel and Hazelton? Sixty years ago this was a real cannibal tribe. How truly is the grace of God manifested. We require four cornets, two tenor horns, two trombones, two baritones and two bombardons."

and marched year after year through opposing and persecuting crowds, covered with mud and blood; fighting for liberty to preach Christ and Him crucified in the streets and lanes of our cities and towns, until they gained the victory.

Many of that fighting force have gone to their reward, while some are still on the Field. Give them a cheer like many of the young Bandsmen did to your humble servant last January at the General Councils for British Bandmasters held in London. Why! they greeted me with a good shake of the hand, and a 'God bless you, Dad! it is the likes of you that has made it easy for us to do our work in these days.'

I confess I am still a bit old-fashioned; I like the old time religion, the old songs, the old tunes, etc. Nevertheless, I am delighted to hear our Bands give out such beautiful music and sweet harmonies as they do at the present day, so go on, Boys, make the world ring with soul-stirring music, but do not forget that we have great responsibilities and privileges as musical evangelists.

As an old pioneer, let me say it is a most important thing to remember that we are music-makers for the Kingdom of God. Not merely to amuse and tickle the ears of our listeners (though that is very important) but to so play that, by the power of God within us, we may lead them to a better life, a sweeter life, a happier life, lead them from darkness to light, and from Satan unto God.

tionists first and musicians after). They were composed of all kinds and conditions of men—men who had never thought of playing an instrument until The Army gave them a start and then going. However, I am glad I have lived to see the day when we can hold our own, and have the respect of all classes of people, but I pray that we may never lower our standard—never lose The Army spirit of joy, of glory, and of Salvationist love and sacrifice. You may, which enabled the early day Salvationists, though many of them were ignorant and illiterate, to successfully preach Christ.

I am aware of the fact that the young men of today have a greater knowledge of things in general, are better educated in every way than we were in days gone by. Yet the most important thing, after all, is to know our sins forgiven and to have the witness within that all is well, for what is the use of being clever, highly educated, and men of talent, unless we have the glory in our souls, melody in our hearts, and Salvation shining out of our faces?

Listen! the great Apostle Paul says that all gifts, no matter how excellent they may be, are worth nothing without love and sacrifice. You may play, you may speak with the tongue of men or of angels, but if you have not love for your comrade, or for the Salvation of your fellowmen, you become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal. So that to be useful and successful in our work we must have

the spirit of Jesus Christ, the Holy Ghost, the fire, the joy, the glory!

Let me tell you a story. When I was a boy I lived at Sheffield. There were not as many attractions and amusements as there are today. I was very fond of seeing the marionette show (performing dolls), which was a very innocent amusement for boys and girls. We children were especially interested in the amazing feats of a clown with a long string of sausages, which he had stolen from a butcher's shop, when suddenly one of the figures tumbled all in pieces, head and arms and legs all over the place. Great effort was made to put him together again, but just as the work appeared near completion the whole thing collapsed once more. Then suddenly the music struck up, and lo! bones came to bone, each joint fitted into its socket, legs, arms, and head, and the figure was perfectly restored and seemed to dance for joy.

My dear young comrades, all round us are people who are broken to pieces, shattered by sin. Men may try all kinds of ways and means to put them together again and make them better, but it will prove an utter failure.

But we have the music, the music of Jesus' name; that name gives life and health and peace.

"His name the sinner hears, And is from sin set free, 'Tis music in his ears, 'Tis life and victory."

New songs do now his lips engage, And dances his glad heart for joy."

As in the Prophet Ezekiel's vision of the valley of dry bones, so our dear Founder saw all around him people who were dead in sin and sin, and he prayed that these bones might live, and there was a rumbling in the valley of Mile End Waste and a coming together, and here we are today all alive with our music and song. The greatest and most wonderful life-saving Army in the world. Hallelujah! The gift of an utter fall of God's best gifts to man. Therefore let us cultivate it, not merely to please ourselves, as I am afraid some are apt to do, but to arouse those about us who are on their way to perdition, and compel them to come into the Kingdom. I will close with the language of the poet:

"Rise up, rise up, Have done with lesser things, Give heaven and soul and mind and strength."

To serve the King of kings."

Serve Him with gladness, let the trumpet blow, and many sinners shall hear the glad sound and rejoice in the God of our Salvation. May it be so the prayer of your old comrade and friend.

BRANDON BAND

On Thursday, Feb. 22nd, after a lapse of twelve years, the Brandon Band, under the baton of Bandmaster E. W. Hamilton, and the Indian Industrial School. The trip was made in sleighs, and the weather was biting cold. The trip was greatly enjoyed by everyone.

Upon our arrival at Brandon, we were greeted by an audience of about 130 bronze-colored boys and girls ranging from eight to eighteen years. The program was presented by the Brandon Band was certainly appreciated. From the opening double forte of "Wellington Chimes" to the finale of "The Face of God" and the new march, "Emancipation." Before leaving we were served with a hot lunch to which all did justice, and they sent us off with hearty "Thank yous" and cries of "Come again soon!"—Corr.

[illegible]



of INTEREST to WOMEN

NEW SERIES

Aunt Janet's Conversations

No. 2: By Sister Mrs. Lydall, Edmonton



FOUR BEDROOM RULES

HERE are four useful rules for keeping bedrooms, and those who sleep in them in a healthy condition:

"1 Open every window and door in the morning, so that there may be a thorough draught for a few minutes to blow away all the poisonous germs.

"2 When you get up see that every bed slept in is thrown open, as it is full of poisonous vapor and needs well airing.

"3 At night, let the bedroom window be open a little, top and bottom, or if too draughty, place a piece of wood, 6 in. deep and the width of the window, beneath the lower sash. In this way there will be a continuous current of fresh air all night long.

"4 Don't allow the children to sleep with their heads under the bedclothes. There is little enough fresh air there, and when used up they are breathing double distilled poison for the rest of the night."

JOTTINGS

TO CLEAN WALL PAPERS

IN the first place take off the dust with a soft cloth. Then proceed in this way: Taking a very stiff dough of flour and water, form this into a lump. Rub the wall gently downwards, taking the length of the arm at each stroke, and go round the room. Commence a fresh stroke a little above where the last one ended, but be careful not to rub either across the paper or up again. When you see your dough getting dirty, cut off the soiled part. Ordinary wall-papers cleaned in this way will look fresh and new.

ONION WATER AS CLEANER

One of the best paint cleaners is water in which onions have been boiled. It is worth while boiling three or four onions specially in order to get a strong decoction of the juice. This should be well strained, and when cool is ready for use.

TO PREVENT STICKINESS

To rub a little butter on your fingers and knife will prevent the usual stickiness when stoning raisins.

NEW HAT

Pour a little peroxide into a saucer. Dip a piece of white cloth into this and rub well over the hat, after which it will dry in a few minutes and look like new. —L. R.

MOTHER'S SONG

"As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you."—Isaiah 66:13.

Sing it, mother;—sing it low,
Deem it not an idle lay;
In his heart 'twill ebb and flow
All the livelong day.
Sing it, mother, love is strong;
When the tears of manhood fall,
Echoes of thy erudite song
Shall his peace recall.

"MARGARET," said Aunt Janet, pausing awhile in her knitting. "You're making a tremendous fuss, preparing those youngsters of yours for a Canadian Winter. Protection for the throat and ears; protection for hands and feet; protection from the biting wintry wind and searching cold."

"Why, sure, Auntie," said Margaret, "What else would you have me do?"

Greater Perils

"Nothing, my child. I'm just considering how faithfully you are performing your duty in that respect. So you don't believe in sending the children out into danger and cold unprotected? Well, there are greater perils ahead than forty below. To be forewarned is to be forearmed."

"Go ahead, Auntie, I can't in the least imagine what perils you are alluding to, but I am all attention. Sit down at your feet in fact."

"Margaret, the bairnies are very close to you now. In a few years they will creep from beneath the shelter of your enforced will and judgment. They will begin to think and act entirely for themselves. They will associate with worldly fellow-students. They will listen to teachers who do not think as you do; sit under some who do not cherish pure and noble ideals. Instead of being educated in the sublime truths of the Bible, they will be taught the theory of evolution. Materialism, indifference and scepticism will surround, nay envelop them. What protection are you weaving? What armor are you preparing for the testing days ahead?"

"I understand you perfectly, Auntie. Similar thoughts have often occurred to me. Tell me what I can do."

Auntie's Advice

"My child, there are powers of darkness abroad. They will obscure the vision, confuse the mind, and enshroud all but the material present in darkness. To perceive and maintain the path of duty and honor, the young

soul must possess the lantern of truth. Remember David's word, 'Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path.'"

"When the study of the Bible is a subject entirely omitted from the school curriculum, it seems to me that a thorough systematic tuition in Bible history and truth is a mother's personal responsibility. If this responsibility is not recognized the children will be lost in utter darkness as surely as any pagan race."

"We will change the metaphor. Our great Teacher likened the Word of God to seed. We have often witnessed the persistent life of some seed-thought sown in early years. Sometimes after a lapse of many years it has germinated and enriched the whole life with a bountiful golden harvest."

"I recall an incident. A desperate man wrecked on a raging ocean; huge disappears; strong impulse rises within to pray and to seek the great Father, God. The prayer that rises to his lips is the prayer of babyhood; the first prayer taught by his mother's lips—'Gentle Jesus, meek and mild.'"

"The child mind cannot be left fallow. If not wisely and persistently cultivated, it will produce rank and poisonous weeds in abundance. Weeds that will sap the very richness and life of the soil."

The Appeal of the Bible

"You know, dear child, from experience, that the Bible always makes its own moral appeal. The child who really believes that God always sees, hesitates to commit hidden wrong. The story of the Cross enflames an abiding love within the tender heart; the very Word itself stimulates simple living faith."

"The fierce biting winds of persecution may blow. The frost of ridicule may appear. The Winter of adversity may come. But the young soul protected and illuminated by an inward light and knowledge of God's Word shall weather them all, and life shall become a ministry of blessing."

Spring to the Fight

The True Spirit of the Soldier

IT is not enough for the Soldiers of Christ to obey Him. They should do so with a willing spirit.

Surely God must hate to ask some people to do anything for Him, and only persevere for their miserable sakes. They do go to the Open-Air Meeting, they do give their money, they help in the great Fight, but they must be dragged and pushed to it all the time.

If you are like that, ask for God's Holy Spirit. 'My people shall be willing in the day of My power.' It is that power you want.

The angels would be glad of your chance to serve Jesus on earth. Spring at it willingly, jump at every opportunity. Say to Him, 'Lord, I am not much good, but I will be your willing servant.'

This will be a great sign that you are advancing in the life of your soul, that life which is between you and God.

There are many truly converted people who do not realize that God wants them to abandon everything to His will if He demands it.

They do not abandon their own opinions or plans. The Holy Spirit is waiting to guide and use them, but they have mapped things out themselves. 'I know just what I can do, and what I ought to do.'

To lead such people is like trying to drive through London a motor which gives a little resisting jerk under your hand at critical points. You would want that machine put right before you tried to guide it again.

God want you to abandon yourself to a touch of His hand. He will guide you through the crowd of other claims into a blessed usefulness, if you will give up yourself and your own ideas.

Be willing to abandon your dearest ones, your best hopes, your wisest friends, if the higher claim of God steps in. Give up yourself and all you know, and live responsive to His lightest touch.

The Home Corner

Conducted by E.M.T.

AIDS TO ECONOMY

Economy counts nowhere more than in the kitchen.

Coffee—Keep by itself and closely covered.

Tea—Keep in a closed canister.

Bread—Keep in a stone jar or tin box.

Put in a pinch of salt when beating the whites of eggs.

To keep your brooms in good condition dip them in scalding suds on wash day.

Save on Eggs

Water is an excellent egg extender in making meringues. Add one teaspoon of cold water to each egg-white before whipping, then it will not be necessary to use as many eggs for your meringue.

Save Laundering

When you have a severe cold, use soft paper napkins instead of handkerchiefs. These may be burned immediately and thus the handling of soiled linen is unnecessary. There is also less danger of spreading the cold than when handkerchiefs are used and are kept until next wash-day.

A substitute for dumplings as well as a good way to use up stale bread, is to place thick half or quarter slices over the top of the stew and let them steam, with tightly closed cover, for a few minutes before serving.

HOME KITCHEN CANDY

College Cream

1 pound brown sugar and 1 cup of boiling water. Boil until it hardens in water. Beat the white of one egg stiff and pour the hot sugar over this, beating all the time. When it begins to cream put in desired nuts.

One and a half cups granulated sugar and half cup of water. Boil until it spins a thread. Add six drops of peppermint. Beat until it creams, then drop on glazed paper. Put the peppermint in after the syrup has finished boiling.

SANDWICHES

Club Sandwiches

Club sandwiches are made of thin slices of buttered toast about an inch square, and upon each is placed a piece of boiled ham and roast chicken, with a lettuce leaf. These sandwiches when properly made, are dainty in appearance and very appetising.

Shrimp Sandwiches

Pound 1 pint shrimp in a mortar, add to them 1 lb. butter, one tablespoon anchovy sauce, and season the mixture with salt, pepper, and lemon juice. Mix it well, and spread the result on thick slices of buttered bread. Crab should be used in the same way.

We are looking for you

We will search for missing persons in any part of the world, befriend, and, as far as possible, assist anyone in difficulty. Address: INQUIRY DEPARTMENT, 317-319 Carlton St. Winnipeg, Manitoba, marking 'Enquiry' on envelope.

One dollar should be sent with every case, where possible, to help defray expenses. In case of reproduction of photograph, three dollars (\$3.00) extra.

2911—Jones, William Charles— ("Midnight Slim") Age 66, by profession a schoolmaster, later, cattle rancher, but now believed to be a general pedlar. Single. Blind in left eye. Native of Abberton, near Colchester, England. In 1885 left England for Canada. Thought to be in Winnipeg or district. Good news awaited, \$50 reward for the person first supplying such information as will afford satisfactory proof whether he is alive or dead.

1905—Christiansen, Karl, alias Charles Christiansen. Age 37, tall, fair. Last heard from 14 years ago in B. C. height 5'7", hair fair, eyes blue-grey, complexion fair, native of London (Fulham). When last he wrote he gave as her address 1848 Retail Street, Regina, Sask.

1914—Folkerts, Louis. Age 40, height 6'2", energetic, American, brown hair, grey eyes, single, named consulship, missing for two years. Last address, Y.M.C.A., Oakland, California.

2976—Harris, Sam. Left his wife in Toronto, supposed to be in Winnipeg.

3009—Moore, Horace H. Supposed to be in a literary publishing house in Saskatchewan.

3018—Eckel, David. Age 39, height 5'9", hair, eyes and complexion dark. Market gardener. Native of East Dulwich. Last address was Box 746, Yorkton, Sask.

3028—Johnson, Theodor. Age 54, tall, married, blond hair, blue eyes. Last heard from in 1912 in Saskatchewan, Sask.

3021—Hanson, Axel. Age 48, last heard from seven years ago at Carlo, B. C. An inheritance is awaiting him.

3019—Rawlings, Kate. Married an Army Officer and left England for Regina in 1915.

3074—Bell, Gilbert. Missing for ten years, was employed with a Mr. Milnes, farmer, Redwin, Manitoba.

3083—Rennie, Mary. Age 19, hair dark, complexion clear, domestic. When last she wrote she gave as her address c/o Mr. Gougeon, Jasper, Canada.

3088—Kendle, Katherine. Age 21, height 5', fair hair, blue eyes, missing for two years, last known address was Vendome Hotel, Fort Arthur, Ont.

3091—Kieley, Robert. Age 28, height 5'4", hair dark brown, eyes brown, complexion fresh. Was a steward on board QUB, 1915, large vessels of the White Star Dominion Line, but left the ship at Montreal, and it is thought secured work.

3094—Fulmer, Emmerson. Left Halifax for Winnipeg about November 26th, 1922. He resided in Miami, Winnipeg until November 12th.

3095—Reel, Nicola, or Andressen. Age 42, never last heard from June 11th, 1915. Last address was Box 228, Duncan, Vancouver.

3101—Jackson, John Stenevall. Age 19, fair complexion, height 6'9", last heard of last July, then working extra gang No. 3, Kelowna, Sask.

PRIDE AND PENITENCE

A SHORT SERIAL—Being a Story of Ancient Palestine

LONG ago, near the foot of Mt. Ephraim, there lived a young harp-mazer, Joseph by name, and his wife Shiprah. Day by day they worked together in Joseph's little shop, or in the tiny garden and vineyard back of the house. Joseph loved best to work in the shop, but he had to attend the garden and vineyard to get food for himself and wife, for at the beginning he earned very little making and selling harps. Very carefully did he work on each string until the sweetest, fullest tone possible was secured. Some of the frames he adorned with intricate carvings, and on a very, very few there were ornaments of gold. Joseph could not often afford the gold. When a harp was finished, he used to try it out in the evening, as he sat before his little house with Shiprah beside him.

"Making harps is the thing I love most in the world to do," sometimes he would say to her. "If I could take care of you without working in the garden and vineyard, and have all my time for my harps, I would be happy. Jehovah must love to see us do the work we do well. I shall try very hard to please Him with my harp-making, and perhaps some day I can have a servant to do my other work, and I will be free to do this thing that I love most of all things in the world."

What Shall I Do With Jesus?

I will Him

had worked to buy that gold?

"It—it is a gift I am carrying to my King," he at last admitted.

"Then bring it to me for I am your King," came the reply, and Joseph went to fetch the harp.

The keen eyes of the Prince looked on with deep interest as Joseph unfolded the wrapping of cloth he had placed about the instrument to protect it from dust.

"Beautiful!" exclaimed both Prince and King when the last covering dropped from the delicate strings.

"Play it," commanded the King, and Joseph tested the strings and with trembling fingers played something he had learned back on his own mountain side. The faces of the King and Prince shone with undisguised pleasure.

"And this is your gift to the King?" asked Joseph's sovereign.

"It will please thee, O King," replied Joseph.

The King caught the flash of disappointment that flitted over the countenance of his royal guest and guessed at once that the Prince had desired the harp for himself. Now the kingdom the Prince represented had just ended a war with the forces of the King some months before, and the King was very anxious to preserve the present conditions of peace between the two countries. Turning to Joseph, he said:

Coming Events

Commissioner and Mrs. Hodder

Kenora March 16
Fort William March 17-18
Port Arthur March 19-20
Fort Frances March 21
Rainy River March 22
Winnipeg Y. P. Day March 25
Winnipeg I. Good Friday, Day with God March 30
(Lt. Colonel McLean will accompany)

LT.-COLONEL MORRIS

The Chief Secretary

Winnipeg Y. P. Day March 25
Winnipeg I. Good Friday March 30
Regina April 7, 8, 9
Saskatoon April 14, 15, 16

LT.-COLONEL TAYLOR

The Field Secretary

Winnipeg VIII March 18 and 19

BRIGADIER SIMS

Winnipeg Y. P. Day March 25
Winnipeg I April 14, 15, 16
Saskatoon April 14, 15, 16

BRIGADIER COOMBS

Vancouver II March 17, 18, 19
Vancouver I March 20-26
New Westminster March 29
North Vancouver Mar. 31, April 1-2
Nanaimo April 7, 8
Victoria April 14, 15, 16

MAJOR LARSON

Edmonton III Mar. 17, 18
Wainwright Mar. 21, 25
Chauvin Mar. 26
Ribstone Mar. 27
Edgerton Mar. 28
Metiskow Mar. 29, 30
Camrose Mar. 30, April 1

STAFF-CAPT. J. HABKIRK

Dauphin Mar. 24, 25, 26, 27, 28
Neepawa Mar. 29
Brandon Mar. 31, April 1
Kenora March 13-16
Fort William March 17-18
Port Arthur March 19-20
Fort Frances March 21
Rainy River March 22

STAFF-CAPTAIN GOSLING

Shaunavon Mar. 17, 18, 19
Macle Creek Mar. 22, 23
Swift Current Mar. 24, 25
Herbert Mar. 26
Regina Mar. 30

ENSIGN PUTT

Victoria March 17, 18, 19
Kamloops March 24, 25
Vernon March 26, 27
Kelowna March 28, 29
Rossland March 30, 31

Home League Sale

ST. JAMES CITADEL

Queen Street

3 p.m., Tues., March 20th

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Best Way

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or

ADJUTANT W. SPEARING

75-7th Ave., E., Vancouver,

B. C.

One day, Joseph and Shiprah went down to Jerusalem to attend a religious feast, and he carried with him the most beautiful of all the harps he had ever made.

"Perhaps I may give it to the King," he said.

How odd the couple looked as they trudged along the road! They had but one ass, and Joseph walked while Shiprah rode, his assisting her to hold the harp on the ass in front of her. It was such a large harp, the largest he had ever made, and reaching as high as his head when he stood beside it. It was beautifully adorned with gold that it had taken them two or three years of saving to get.

As they neared the sacred city, they saw a great procession coming toward them. It proved to be the King riding out with his court and a Prince who had come to visit him. The Prince was a dark, swarthy man from Egypt, with keen eyes that looked constantly on every side as if he did not wish to let anything escape his notice. Joseph led the ass to one side to let the procession pass, but the Prince saw him, and, leaning over, spoke to the King. The King then commanded the chariot to be stopped and ordered a servant to bring Joseph to him. Joseph obeyed in wonder and fear. Never before had he stood so near the person of his King, but he bowed humbly and waited for the King to speak.

"What is that great burden you carry on your ass before your wife? Why do you not ride yourself?"

Joseph hesitated to answer. What if the King should hear after all that so poor a man could not honestly come up with an instrument with so much gold upon it? Would he believe Joseph's and Shiprah's story of how hard they

It is up to each individual to insert the verb "accept" or "reject."

"Yours is a beautiful gift which I deeply desire to accept in this way: I wish to present this wonderful harp to His Highness the Prince, as a token of the good feeling existing between our governments. But you shall make for me another harp and bring it to me at this time next year, or when you have finished it. Here is a full purse with gold enough in it for several harps. Use it in making the harp you will bring to me."

The harp was taken in charge by a servant of the Prince, who was genuinely pleased with so unusual a present. Joseph and Shiprah went on their way into the city, both so happy they could scarcely speak.

"Now you can be a servant and work all day on your harps!" exclaimed Shiprah delightedly, and her husband's answer echoed her own pleasure.

There were other surprises in store for them before they left Jerusalem at the close of the week, for news of the wonderful harp had spread all over the city, and Joseph was eagerly sought out by noblemen who wished to buy harps for themselves. He promised to return the next month and bring all the harps he had finished. Each one sold for a good price, and Joseph found he had quite a fortune for a person of his former standing. Back at home again, he employed a servant to do all their work, and taught Shiprah how to assist him in his shop.

"Did I not tell you," he said to her, "that fortune would come to some day? Now the whole land knows we are making a harp for the King. Everywhere my harps go, my name will be spoken with praise!"

(Continued next week)

A. O. LUMSDEN

A. P. BROWN

3110—Lumsden, Alexander O. Age 41, height 5'8", small, dark hair, fair complexion, painter by trade. Missing since November, 1919.

3113—Brown, Archie Paul. Brown hair, grey eyes, height 6'2", last heard of in Seattle, Wash.



WHEN LUIGI FOUND SALVEZZA

The Italian Clown Who Learned the Way to Lose Sorrow, Pain and Fear

REGULAR visitors to the city of Florence have begun to miss a somewhat public character who fails, nowadays, to put in his accustomed appearance on the most frequented streets of the city.

Luigi Pasado was a gaunt-looking fellow, the shadows in whose cheeks were accentuated by the white chalk with which he was powdered and by the black lines artistically applied here and there to his face.

Luigi's thin shoulders looked all the thinner because of the ruffles which he wore about his neck, and the balloon-like trousers served only to emphasize the emaciation of his body. What a pitiable compound—a consumptive clown!

When he grinned at the patrons of his buffoonery, it was as if a death's head cast gibed upon them, for out of the deep-sunk eyes of the curb-side entertainer there never shone a merry twinkle. Pain and sorrow and fear filled the life of the clown.

He knew he must die; he knew also that he was not ready to die. The performing dog which joined the clown in his tricks watched the man's face with pathetic solicitude; he, too, seemed to know that something was troubling Luigi.

Then came the happy day upon which the clown caught the sympathetic glance of a man who, in passing through the crowd on the pavement, turned his face towards the performers. Above those kindly eyes the showman saw the red band which bound the uniform cap, and one word seemed to spring out in letters of silvery light, saying: "Salvezza."

For a moment Luigi was dazzled by the great prospect which immediately opened up by reason of that magic word. This was his need—Salvation! From his sorrow, his pain, his fears; from the sense of unreadiness for inevitable death. If only he could find the full meaning of all that began to dawn upon him, at sight of the word.

Suggestion was all that his

good wife required ere she set about finding the Salvezza people. Soon she succeeded and, attending The Army Meetings, she was led to kneel at the Penitent Form. Next she took her four children and very wonderful things happened to each of them according to their varying temperaments. Then feeling that this great power had been tested and demonstrated sufficiently, she spoke to her anxious husband about his soul's need.

A glad leaping at his heart told Luigi that this was truly Salvezza, and, stealing away from the house, he sought solitude to prepare his own petition. Deliberately kneeling down, in all the trashy finery of the buffoon, he took from his head his conical cap and set it on the ground before him. Then, closing his eyes and claspings his thin, long fingers in a desperate grip, he prayed—simply, and from an overflowing heart, for light and hope; for forgiveness and peace; for Salvezza all-sufficing and complete.

Only a brief prayer, but it was long enough to voice his confession and faith; huskily muttered, yet it reached the heart of God; only a minute in making, but the answer was quicker. Luigi knew he was saved. Opening his eyes, he turned his head to find that the dog had followed him, and, thinking his master was playing some new role, had made haste to copy him as best he could.

"Come on!" said Luigi, lifting his pet from the ground; "let's go and tell mother!"

Today the family is a Salvation family, which explains why Luigi performs no more as a clown. And the dog? Does he miss his games in the street? It appears not, for he delights to join family prayers at home, as he did on the day that Luigi found Salvezza!

Reader, if you are unconverted, the same glad transformation can be wrought in your life. But you must seek God in the same simple way. There must be confession of sin, repentance towards God and faith in the saving power of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Cry out in contrition, and deliverance swift and certain, will be yours.



Thinking His Master Was Playing Some New Role the Dog Made Haste to Copy Him.

Space for Corps Announcements

